They Red on Old Quarrel in Paris, and Wardell was Getting Fquare Geborn Bid Not Land Once, but W. B. Oliver Got a Wheek Apiece from Each Punilist. Howell Osborn, the young man about town-

he is about 37 years old now—got a lesson in fisticulis on Saturday night last from R. T. Wardell of the Hoffman House, in Burns's allnight restaurant in Sixth avenue. The resulta have kept Mr. Osborn in the house most of the time since. Osborn is the young man whose mother sought in her will to prevent from marrying Fay Templeton, the burmarriage, a large part of the addition the will otherwise made to his already large income. Fay Templeton signs herself Mrs. Osborn now. and Howell has \$35,000 or \$40,000 a year to worry along on.

He has been away from New York for nearly a year, and since getting back recently by way
of San Francisco has been imbued with the spirit of revelry. As he usually did the paying. he was not hindered much in doing what else he liked. On Saturday night, in company with Billy Oliver, a New York clubman, and two women, he went into Burns's after the theatre, and began on the liquid refreshments. The everything seemed to move smoothly with Howell until Wardell came in, accompanied by two friends, and sat at a table across the root



The two men bowed to each other, but so stiffly that the women at Osborn's table suggested to Oliver that the party leave the restaurant. Wardell paid no attention to Osborn for some mines, but engaged himself in conversation with his companions. Happening to look up, howup out of his chair and strode across to where Osborn was sitting, and asked him what he was staring at. Oliver jumped up at once and

said:
"Now, look here, boys, just because you fellows have an old grudge against each other it is no reason why you should spoil all the pleasure of an evening for other people," and he offered Wardell a chair. Wardell sat down, and the party talked along in peace for some time, the two men not saying much to each other, however.

and the party talked along in peace for some time, the two men not saying much to each other, however.

The conversation turned on military affairs. Osborn remarked that the Seventh Regiment were the best drilled soldiers in the country, and informed the people at the table that he was a dama good soldier himself. Leaning ever toward Wardell, he said:

"I showed you some kind of soldierly qualities in Paris, did I not—that girl knew a, good man when she saw one, didn't she?"

Wardell jumped to his feet and began to say things to Osborn. He said that he was just as good a man as Osborn was, and now that he had an opportunity he intended to get even for past wrongs done him by Osborn.

One of the girls at the table jumped up, and getting behind Wardell put her hand over his mouth so that what he said could not be heard distinctly. Oliver stepped in quickly between the two angry men, and, turning to Wardell, said: "You can't fight here." He attempted to push Wardell toward the door. But Osborn was not going to have the affair end there, and grabbed Oliver by the coat collar and yanked him away from Wardell.

Wardell than waiked up to Osborn and let him have two right-handers straight from the shoulder. One lighted on Osborn's right eye and the other on his mouth, and he went in a heap back into his chair. He sprang up, however, and made for Wardell, who was waiting for him. Oliver stepped in again between the men and got a resounding thump on the back of the head frem Osborn, who had lost his glasses, and, seeing a figure in front of him, hit at it.

Wardell said:

glasse, and, seeing a figure in front of him, hit at it.

Wardell said:

"Get out of the way, Oliver, I don't want any trouble with you," and attempted to push him aside, but Oliver would not budge. Wardell then aimed a blow at Osborn, who was crowding past Oliver, and it landed full on Oliver's forehead. This made Oliver get out of the way mighty quick, and the men got at each other again. Wardell gave Osborn one left-hander in his well ere, and the men clinched. Burna rushed in at this stage of the game and separated the fighters. He dragged Osborn down to the wash room to have the gore stanched, and got his waiters to work clearing up the room, as a table and several chairs had been overturned in the scrimmage. Wardell's friends made never a move to help or stop the fighters, but simply sat in their seats and eautioned the other eccupants of the room, who were principally actors, late o'night women, and sporting men, not to make any noise or interfere with the men, or it would not go well with them. The whole affair was finished se expeditiously and the preliminary talk between the two men was so quict that the proprietor of the restaurant, who was in an adjoining room, did not know a fight was going on until informed by one of his waiters.

Wardell, who had not a scratch, walked out

restaurant, who was in an adjoining room, did not know a fight was going on until informed by one of his waiters.

Wardell, who had not a scratch, walked out of the room with his party, and on their way to the door met the unfortunate Osborn, who was coming from the wash room in the care of Proprietor Burns. He had a silk handkerchief held to his nose and did not see Wardell coming down the room. Wardell was inclined to follow up the attack, and, walking up to Osborn, began calling him dashes and blanks. He asked Osborn if he thought it was well to tamper with a man's affections; also asked if he felt like a dam good soldier now, and if he didn't want to come out on the sidewalk and finish the fight. Osborn gazed vacantly into space in the direction from which he heard the voice, and asked where the blankety dash was who was talking like that. His glasses were broken and both of his eyes were nearly shut, but he was waited to hit.

His voice came from between swollen and bleeding lips. He was saved from further

Wanted to hit.

His voice came from between swollen and bleeding lips. He was saved from further mauling by Burns, who ordered his waiters to put Wardell out of the restaurant.

After Wardell's departure Osborn was taken back to the wash room, and layers of wettowels were pt on his face. Then he and his party drove on in a hack.

were pt on his face. Then he and his party drove of in a hack.
Yester lay afternoon a Sun reperter met Osborn m Wall street, and asked him about the fracas. Osborn wore hig green roggles to hide his discolored eyes, and had two pleces of court plaster nearly pasted on his countenance.

What fracas? he asked.
He slowly took off the goggles, revealing his beautifully colored eyes, and looked at the reporter critically.

What fracas? he repeated. I don't know of any fracas. Now, my dear fellow, do I look stif I had been in any fracas? This is all rot, I assure you. Somebody is trying to play a loke on me. Don't you believe a word they say.

And putting on the goggles again he walked And putting on the goggles again he walked away.

It is said of Oeborn by club men who told the story of the fight that on his way home from his rocent trip around the world he came through Chicago on his way to New York from San. Francisco, and so anxious was he to get back to town that he remained in Chicago just thirteen minutes to see the World's Fair and contented himself with baying a photograph. Fay Templeton is now in the West, but expects to join Oeborn here this week.

Osborn, in telling his version of the fight to his friends in the New York Club last Sunday hight, said that Wardell had used a sandbag on his head, but that is said to be ridiculous by saveral who saw the fight.

Friends of Osborn say, however, that Wardell ahould have let Osborn alone after Osborn's ereglasses had been broken. He cannot light without his cycglasses, and he paturally would lose them if he got hit in the eye many times.

Wardell is a small man about 28 years of

cannot light without his cychiasses, in the baturally would lose them if he got hit in the eye many times.

Wardell is a small man about 28 years of sgc. His friends say that he has had it in for Osborn for a long time, because Osborn got away from him by the lavish display of wealth a weman in Paris to whom Wardell was very much attached.

Wardell has lived at the Hoffman for some time, and used to be in the importing business, it is said, but upon inheriting a fortune relired.

He was not to be seen yesterday, and neither ras Feacemaker Oliver, whose injuries are not serious. Mr. Oliver is a stockbroker and a member of several clubs.

FOUR PICTURES FOR A DOLLAR. Ends of Yourself at the Itinerant Photo

New York has the equivalent of the rural travelling photographer. He is the photographer who sets up his studio wherever he can rent a cheap room with fairly good light, and stays until everybody who can be per-suaded to sit for a picture, living within half a dozen blocks, has been photographed at rates varying from \$1 to \$3 per dozen pictures. The favorite rate is four pictures for a quarter. There are, perhaps, a score of photographists working at this rate in all parts of the city. Some of them use an unpatented device by which six different pictures may be taken on a single plate. The camera is a simple instrument that requires no focusing, and its work is almost instantaneous. With a double plateholder the photographer can make twelve sittings without putting in a new plate. The thing works with wonderful rapidity, and a skilful man can without overworking him-

self take 500 pictures a day.

The peripatetic photographer does not trouble himself to find a room with a skylight. and he sometimes operates on the ground floor of a five-story tenement, if only the room has a large front window. The space just within the window he encloses with muslin hangings. The window is hung with the same material. To the right or left of the window, as the case may be, is a chair for the sitter. Just opposite is the mounted camera. The subject sits down, the photographer with practised eye makes sure that the pose is right, and the exposure is made by removing

subject sits down, the photographer with practised eye makes sure that the pose is right, and the exposure is made by removing the cap from the lens and instantly replacing it. One photographer worked for an hour or more at the rate of a "sitting" every half minute. Another, who was engaged to take photographs for a newspaper that gave photographs coupons as an inducement to purchasers, made 2,900 sittings in a week. The peripatetic photographer begins to think his field exhausted when he has taken 4,000 or 5,000 pictures. To take that number requires as much as three or four months. Then he goes elsewhere and finds new victims. Everybody is in a nurry for pictures even at four for a quarter. If they are they per they can be turned out while you walt, but if they are to be printed on paper it may require as much as three days, according to the weather and the shount of work on hand. A single printer at 35 minutes and part of the grapher flourishes in almost any part of flourishes in the flourishes flourishes flourishes and part of the flourish

WHERE ITALIANS EAT AND DRINE. York's Foreign Restaurants.

It is the peculiar privilege of the genuine Italian restaurants in this town to purvey to a law native Americans of catholic taste not an uncommonly picturesque entertainment. You may have soups and roasts and ragouts and cheese and fruit and coffee, to say nothing of vegetables and appetizing condiments, at prices ranging from 5 cents to 25 cents per dish, all in abundance and nearly all seemingly fresh and wholesome. To see the waiter make a perfect salad dressing in two minutes. of oil, salt, pepper, and wine of the same qual ity that the Italian at the next table is compla ently drinking with his table d'hôte, is alone worth the price of admission. As to the entertainment, perhaps it would

As to the entertainment, perhaps it would seem in some features a trifle baild to the unimaginative man acquainted with Italian. He would certainly find nothing romantic in the staccato tones of the waiter bawling orders in the doubtless commonplace conversation carried on with noisy excitement by dark-eyed young men who gesticulate and furiously smoke cigarettes. But to the ordinary citizen, ignorant of Italian and not yet rid of illusions touching the Old World, even these things have a certain pleasing flavor of strangeness. That the waiter's name suggests a character out of a comic opera; that the diners all talk and act as if under the influence of strong excitement; that half the men and women present belong to a class that it would puzzle the every-day New Yorker precisely to locate—all combine to give the place an air of unreality or romance. If you drop in at 10 or 11 in the morning you see all serts of strange persons dawdling luxuriously ever late breaklasts that cost mayhap as much as thirty cents apiece. There is the mouse-like syloh who sings every night in rouge and tights at some unfashionable concert garden; and there, too, are sundry of her admirers, tarnished rather than gilded youths of her own nationality, and some of the fliddiers who help make up the orchestra. If you come in at the luncheon hour you find men of all ages smoking, drinking light wines, and eating soup, cheese, and salad. You see good Italian forcheads, indicating quiet intelligence rather than power, and many middle-aged European faces, of a kind not usually developed by American civilization.

When you come at night the company is more missellaneous. Somebody constantly repeat faces, of a kind not usually developed by american civilization.

When you come at night way on a certain deality understand to signify nothing. It is difficult to the every-day American to guess why one diner should warn another against the oil with a scowl, a shrug, and a feroclous gesture, when the American himself would simply say in a common hi seem in some features a trifle bald to the unimaginative man acquainted with Italian. He

CAMDEN, N. J., July 3.—Policeman Pat Clark made an attempt to-night to murder Lieuten-ant of Police John S. Smith. He fired three shots at his superior officer, two of which struck him in the head, making serious but struck him in the head, making serious but not dangerous wounds.

The affray took place at the police head-quarters in the Camden City Hall just before evening roll call. The two men had had words Saturday night over Clark's refusal to turn out with a parade.

To night Lieut Smith told Clark that Chief of Police Davis wanted to see him in his private office, and the policeman, thinking he was to be discharged, drew his revolver and hegan blazing away at the Lieutenant. He fired three shots before he was overpowered and locked un. Clark had been drinking, and was mad with rage.

CIDER OIL AND ITS WORKINGS. Inshring and Ontimistic Effects of Sull

SCRANTON, July 1 .- "Cider oil is the popular drink in the Sullivan county backwoods," said Scranton trout fisherman, "and the free drinking of it made the natives do some funny things while our party were over there whipping the purling trout streams last week. Every adult male imbibes elder oil in that interesting region of timber, locks, waterfalls, and pools, and bibulous visitors get into the same habit the first day they are there. Cider oil is a delectable compound, and to the novice It is so dece ving that it will floor him before he knows it. if he isn't careful. But the natives know jus how to handle it, and it is a rare thing for the delicious beverage to roll one of them under the table. I can't say as much on the part of some recent visitors to that section. Cider oil, as I and several other city sports learned for the first time last week, is composed of three party of elder to one part of whiskey. The whiskey is mixed with the cider in the fall, when the cider is new, and by the next summer the liquid has become so mellow and agreeable that you

cider is new, and by the next summer the liquid has become so mellow and agreeable that you are tempted to drink it indiscreetly. They told us in one place that the smaller ingredient in the deceptive decection was cheap mecoshine whiskey, but it was mighty good, even though the United States Government may not have collected any revenue on it. One generous native put up sixteen barreis of cider oil last fall, and they said it was more than half used up by Christmas.

"Whenever a native teamster gets loaded to the guilet with cider oil he imagines that he can do wonders with his whiplash, and he will let you a gallon of cider oil that he can kill a fly on a horse's ear with the cracker of his whip without hitting the ear. A Philadelphia dude with light trousers was staying where our party were, and in an unguarded moment he was unsonhisticated enough to snap up a bet that a native teamster offered to make. The teamster had been sipping cider oil for an hour or so, and the Philadelphia dude got around him and was inquisitive. Finally the teamster said he would bet a gallon of cider oil that he could cut through the seat of the dude's trousers with the lash of his whip without touching the skin or injuring the dude's person in the least. The dude seemed to think that he had a soft snap on the teamster, for he accepted the wager instantly, and the crowd filed out on the green to witness the performance. Placing his hands on his knees, the dude bent forward till the seat of his trousers was as tight as a drum head, and the satisfied teamster at once measured off three paces, swung the whip around his head, and brought the end of the slim lash down on the stooping dude's rear with all his might. The unsuapecting young Fhiladelphian sprang into the air with a seream, seized the wounded apot with both hands, and began to dance in the grass and yell that he had been murdered. The crowd got around him, and when the teamster saw the blood he spat out about a pint of tobacce juice, turned on his heel, and slowly muttered.

FLOOD'S MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

He Ruined a Bank by Permitting Large

San Francisco, July 2 .- James Flood, exeashier of Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s bank, who is under conviction for the embezzlement of \$164,000 of the bank's funds, has broken silence for the first time since the discovery of the defalcation and cleared up the mystery. Flood has along maintained that this money was paid out over the counter in the regular course of business, but refused to divulge the names of the persons who secured the money. The deficit occurred, as Flood asserted, in overdrafts, \$150,000 being paid to James

Cogan, a once well-known stockbroker here, and \$35,000 to Andrew Wood, once son-in-law of Senator Stewart. Cogan was a large operator and established himself so completely in the confidence of the Donohoe-Kelly bank that he received large credit. His account fluctuated greatly and was some days largely in his favor, at other times heavily overdrawn. But the stock market finally began to go stronger against Cogan, and his overdraft at the bank reached a very large sum.

Then Flood became alarmed and pressed Cogan for payment. But he was ready in promises and explanations, and to protect himself Flood gaves him further credit, thinking operations would be brought to a successful issue and the overdraft property, covered. But it was not, and one night, about four years ago. Cogan committed suicide, and he owed the bank \$150,000. Frood alone of the officers of the bank knew how much had been lost.

Wood's operations were exactly similar, and he managed to get \$35,000 from Flood. Wood was finally expelled from the Stock Exchange, and Flood then realized that he had been deceived by both men. He managed to cover up the deficit by a system of false entries and false checks and drafts, but one day in February last he was taken unawares by the Hank Examiners, and the defalcation was discovered. The cashler had in the mean time reduced the deficit by over \$20,000 from his own resources. A motion for a new trial is pending, and Flood is in the mean time in jail. It is not known where Wood is, as he has been away from San Francisco for several years. He was atone time, it is said, on the police force at Seattie. of Senator Stewart. Cogan was a large operator and established himself so completely in the

Suspension of a New Mexican Bank. ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., July 3.-The following notice was posted on the door of the Albu-querque National Bank this morning:

The Albuquerque National Bank is compelled to temporarily suspend business. This of depositors since the suspension of the Calior depositors since the suspension of the Cali-fornia banks about ten days and the absolute impossibility during the present business de-pression to call in our loans. It is confidently hoped that we can resume business, and that every creditor will be paid in full, as the as-sets greatly exceed the liabilities. "John A. Lee, President."

Left His Customers in the Lurch.

DENVER, July 3 .- H. O. Nevin of the Nevin Commission Company left here on Saturday ight for the East, estensibly for a visit to the World's Fair. To-day his chief clerk received World's Fair. To-day his chief clerk received a telegram from Chicago to close up the office and suspend business, as, he had no money with which to meet his obligations. He was doing a large business, and took with him the margins of several hundred customers, who are this afternoon swearing out attachments against his blackboard and several dozon chairs. His liabilities are given at about \$25,000. The Nevin Company was the correspondent of Kennett, Hopkins & Co. of Chicago.

Won't Take Risks is Collections. BALTIMORE, July 3.—When the Clearing House Association decided to issue Clearing House certificates they also adopted a precautionary measure, which has just been made known in a circular issued by banks to their customers. The circular issued by banks to their during the present financial crisis, will assume no responsibility for any checks, remittances, drafts, or bills of credit of any kind until the money has actually been collected and is in their possession. The customer must, there-fors, take the risk if his bank has a weak cor-respondent.

A Montana Bank Palls.

PHILLIPSBURG, Mont. July 3.-The First National Bank closed its doors on baturday reason that stringency in the markets and continued demand of depositors, together with an indeed demand of depositors, together with an inability to realize on their paper, compelled the bank to temporarily suspend payments. There is no doubt of the solvency of the institution, and, as soon as matters are straightened out, business will be resumed. The mercantile firm of freyschiag, hoffman & Co. was compelled to make an assignment Saturday.

A Lendville Bank Suspends, LEADVILLE, Col., July 3.-The American Na.

tional Bank did not open its doors this morning. Instead, a notice was posted on the door, which read as follows:

"Owing to the impossibility of realizing upon first-class securities, this bank is compelled to suspend payment for a tew days. All depositors will be laid in full."

No statement of assets and liabilities has been made. been made.

The probabilities are that the bank will resume.

Failure of a Liquor Firm for \$300,000. CINCINNATI. July 3.-Freiberg Brothers. dealers in liquors at 14 East Third street. made an assignment to-day to A. W. Goldmade an assignment to-day to A. w. Gold-smith. The cause is said to be the stringency of the money market. The firm has been em-barrassed for some time, but the present diffi-culty to obtain money compelled an assign-ment. The habilities are estimated to be \$200,000, with assets about the same.

Could Not Collect on Its Notes. GOLDEN, Col., July 3.-The McPherson County Bank did not open its doors this morning, but instead made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors. "Impossible to collect on notes outstanding" is given as the cause or the fall-ure. No statement as to assets and liabilities has been made public.

ASKED FOR FATHER HICKIE. O'BRIEN'S FRIEND ENJOYS HERSELF IN HIS DIFORCE CASE.

She Wound Up with Luncheon-Mrs. O'Brien Bentes Her Husband's Charges, and Says That He Conspired with a Detective. Vice-Chancellor Green, who is hearing the testimony in the suit of Thomas O'Brien for divorce from his wife, Margaret, had just declared the case closed yesterday afternoon, when two women and a little girl reached his chambers on the top floor of the First National Bank building in Jersey City. One of the women was very tall and very stout, and she was apparently chaperoning the other woman, who was neither so tall nor so stout, but was still robust. The little girl scemed to be about 10 years old, was very pretty, and

stylishly dressed. The two women pushed their way through the crowd standing near the door. Sergeant-at-Arms Haggerty noticed the commotion and went to see what it was about. Vice-Chancellor Green also noticed the women. and as he had been waiting for Mrs. Simonds the female detective, whom Mrs. O'Brien's counsel desired to cross-examine, he paused in his remarks, thinking that perhaps the new arrival was Mrs. Simonds. Sergeant-at-Arms Haggerty whispered to Prosecutor Gourley, O'Brien's counsel, and Mr. Gourley whispered to the smaller of the two women.

Then Mr. Gourley made a sort of semi-official statement to the Court that it was a woman who was looking for Father Hickie. He meant Father Michael J. Hickie, who had been named by O'Brien as one of the co-respondents.

The larger of the women said she was Mrs. Bingham of 384 Duncan avenue, Brooklyn. She announced in a stage whisper that her companion and friend was Father Hickie's wife, that he had enticed her from a convent at Flushing, L. L. and married her, and that he pretty little girl was their daughter.

Mrs. Bingham also said that her friend's Langdon, and that her mother had become insane because of her marriage to Father Hickle and had died in the asylum at Middletown.

When the other woman learned that she had been represented as Father Hickle's wife she became very indignant and wanted to know who had said she was. Upon being questioned, she said that she had come to give testimony against Father Hickie. She was also anxious to see Mrs. O'Brien, and tried to push her way into the Chancery Chambers. to push her way into the Chancery Chambers, but was restrained by her friends. She went out with Mrs. Bingham, Thomas O'Brien, and his brother Patrick, and several of their friends. They stood in a group on the sidewalk and talked. It was said that the mysterious woman, who came to be called Mrs. Langford for purposes of identification, had just arrived from San Francisca. She was indignant because she did not have a chance to tell what she knew.

She also expressed great regret that Father Hickje was not present.

Hickie was not present.
"What would you do if he were here?" she

Hickle was not present.

"What would you do if he were here?" she was asked.

"What would I do? Well, you bring him here and I'll show you what I would do."

"Would you horsewhip him?"

"Horsewhip him? Yes. I would do more than that. I would shoot him."

Mrs. Bingham and O'Brien tried to persuade her to stop taking, but Mrs. Langdon simply smiled and said:
"Never mind me. I'm all right. I'm simply having a lot of iun with these gentlemen."

O'Brien whispered something to her.
"That's all right. Tom." she said aloud; "I can take care of myself."

In front of Taylor's Hotel, near the ferry. Mrs. Simonds, the missing female detective, loomed up in all the majesty of her gigantic proportions. She was dressed in a suit of blue and her blonde hair streamed out in ringlets from beneath her jaunty bonnet. She received a cordial greeting, shook hands with the men, and kissed the women.

"I'm glait there is somebody here bigger than I am." remarked Mrs. Bingham laughingly, as she shook hands with Mrs. Simonds.
"Well. I'm not much bigger." answered Mrs. Simonds. "You hain't got much to brag of."

Then the pair disappeared into the hotel of the stop of the pair disappeared into the hotel.

of."
Then the pair disappeared into the hotel where O'Brien invited them to luncheon. He was very attentive to Mrs. Langdon.
Oakley Wood, one of the co-respondents, said that Mrs. Langdon was Ettle Leonard of 967 Myrtie avenue, Brooklyn, and that she will become Mrs. O'Brien if O'Brien wins his suit. She herself declined to affirm or deny the statement.

auit. She herself declined to affirm or deny the statement.

Mrs. O'Brien, the defendant, was the first witness called yesterday. Her answers were given in a low tone, and she seemed diffident and somewhat embarrassed until her husband's lawyer began to ask pointed questions, when she flared up and spoke vigorously.

Mrs. O'Brien made a general denial of all her husband's accusations, and explained the circumstances which looked suspicious.

Some of these circumstances arose at the circumstances which looked suspicious.

Some of these circumstances arose at the Delaware Water Gap, where she, Miss Ryan, Oakley Wood, and Simonds, the husband of the female detective spent two days at the Mountain House. Mrs. O'Brien said that she and Miss Ryan went there, and Miss Ryan, who was keeping company with Oakley Wood, invited him to visit her. The women anguiged two received in the control of th with Oakley Wood, invited him to visit her. The women engaged two rooms in the hotel, and then drove down to the station to meet Wood. To their surprise Simonds was with Wood. The two rooms adjoined each other and had a communicating door. The names entered on tee registry were Joseph McKieever and wife and Jack Gregory and wife, but Mrs. O'Brien was not aware of that fact until after-ward.

and wife and Jack Gregory and wife, but Mrs. O'Brien was not aware of that fact until afterward.

She and Miss Ryan, she said, occupied one room and Wood and Simonds the other. They reached the hotel on Saturday afternoon. Simonds went away early on Monday morning. Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Ryan, and Wood went to Washington, N. J., to visit Miss Byrne. They found Mrs. Byrne in great agitation over a despatch informing her that Tom O'Brien had stolen Mrs. O'Brien's child.

This spoiled the pleasure of the trip and Wood and the two women hurried to catch the first train for Paterson to consult Mr. Griggs, Mrs. O'Brien's a lawyer. At the station in Washington they were confronted by Mrs. Simonds and her husband.

Mrs. Bimonds said that her husband had made a full confession to her and she was prepared to pull Mrs. O'Brien's hair. It was then that Mrs. O'Brien suspected a conspiracy, but she was not afraid as she had done no wrong. On one occasion, Mrs. O'Brien said, Mrs. Simonds tried to induce her to take a trip to Boston on one of the Sound steamers and suggested that they take a couple of gentlemen along with them, but she declined. She also declined to assist Mrs. Simonds in entertaining two gentlemen from New York.

Her husband accused her of infidelity almost every day, and she was obliged to have him arrested several times for beating her. He was fined. On the night before he left her he struck her. Mrs. O'Brien enied the statements of Annie Matthews about the high inks, high kicking, and drinking that went on in the house when Father Hickie and Wood were spending the night there.

"Did Father Hickie ever send you any money?" asked Mr. Gourley on cross-examination.

"No." Mrs. O'Brien replied promptly.

"O'A he aver sand you a white bird that he

nation.

No." Mrs. O'Brien replied promptly.

Did he ever send you a white bird that he said he shot for you?"

said he shot for you?"
"No."
"Did you get a letter from him saying that as soon as he could pull the leg of his congregation he would send you some money?"
"He never did." answered Mrs. O'Brien, flushing with indignation.
"Did you visit Father Hickie at 156 West Fifty-seventh street. New York?"
"Yes. I called on him there with Miss Ryan."
"Did Mrs. Kate Barlow live there?"
"I believe she did."
"Did you know that Father Hickie was married and had a child?"
"I did not."
Mrs. O'Brien was asked about Wood's visits to her house. She said she saw no impropriety in them, because he called to see Miss Ryan. He was slightly under the influence of liquor on two occasions, and she let him remain all night.

in them, because he called to see Miss Kyan. He was slightly under the influence of liquor on two occasions, and she let him remain all night.

Her sister and Miss Ryan were there on both occasions. On the night Father Hickie remained there Mrs. O'Brien slept on the lounge in the dining room. Father Hickie sleet in the back parlor, and Miss Ryan and Annie Matthews slept together up stairs.

The witness denied the charge concerning Joseph Sullivan of Plainfield, who is named as one of the co-respondents. Sullivan had called at the house once or twice, and had brought beer and whisker. When he was intoxicated she didn't send him away, because she considered him a friend.

"Did you ever say to Mrs. Simonds that you thought it strange a woman like you could fascinate a young fellow like Wood?" was one of the parting shots fired by Mr. Gouricy.

"I never did. That is one of Mrs. Simonds's romances." Mrs. O'Brien replied.

Oakiey Wood was called as the next witness. He is not yet 2!. He corroborated Mrs. O'Brien's denials.

In explaining the trip to the Delaware Water Gap, he said he had a pass which his father got for him, and which was made out for Robert Wood and son. He couldn't use the passalone, so he invited Simonds to go along to represent his father. It was Simonds who auggested putting faise names on the registry, He didn't go to the Water Gap to meet Mrs. O'Brien.

The case was then closed. Argument will be heard in September.

Highest in Strength-U. S. Gov't Rep.

-BAKING--POWDER-ABSOLUTELY PURE

PREFER LARGE INSURERS.

Frouble that Life Insurance Compa Have With Small Polley Holders,

"It is a mistake," said an officer of a big insurance company, "to suppose that the insurance companies are slow about taking big risks on individuals. The contrary is the fact. No insurance company prefers the small risks. If the company is satisfied that the applicant is not a swindler, it would rather insure him is not a swindler, it would rather insure him for \$100,000 than for any sum below that figure. Of course, he might be run over and killed five minutes after the policy was written, but the companies figure on all those things. The average man might say that \$100,000 worth of risk on a single life was enormous, but there's more money in it than there is in one hundred \$1,000 risks. If a company could get enough \$100,000 risks it would make enormous profits. The expense of writing a \$1,000 policy is almost as great as the expense of writing the bigger one. It costs \$10 to write a \$1,000 policy and only \$15 to write a \$1,000 policy and only \$15 to write a \$10,000 policy. Yet see what the premiums on the latter are compared with those on the former.

The cost of bookkeeping on the small policies is out of proportion to the income derived from them. You take a small paid-up policy on \$1,000 that has lapsed. That is one of the most annoying things the insurance man encounters. The policy holder has paid in \$67, and gets a paid-up policy holder has paid in \$67, and gets a paid-up policy for \$62 under the rule that after three years the policy cannot fail altogether. The carrying of that small amount on our books is an infernal nuisance. Any company would rather give the man an extension of three years on the original \$1,000 than to have to carry that item of \$02 on its books indefinitely." for \$100,000 than for any sum below that

AMONG THE CANOISTS.

The Yonkers C. C. will hold a regatta on July 22, in front of their club house at Glenwood on the Hudson.

Dwight G. Holbrook of the Yonkers C. C. will leave for South Dakota next week, and will make that State his permanent residence. Theodor S. Oxholm has sold the racing cance Beta to Eugene K. Austin. Beta was built by Ruggles and has won many prizes.

The Knickerbocker C. C. have at last received their war cance, and last Thursday it was shipped to the Atlantic division meet at Chimmon's Island.

At the recent meet of the Eastern Division of

ceived their war cance, and hast Thursday is was shipped to the Atlantic division meet at Chimmon's Island.

At the recent meet of the Eastern Division of the American Cance Association at Haddam Island the following officers were elected: Vice-Commodore, E. H. Barney of Springfield; Rear Commodore, E. H. Barney of Springfield; Rear Commodore, C. F. Schuster of Holyoke; Purser, Emil C. Knappe of Springfield; Division Executive Committee, Dr. George L. Parmele of Hartford, Paul Butler of Lowell, and Raymond Appolonic of Winchester.

Dwight Holbrook has challenged Theodor S. Oxholm for the Dolphin challenge trophy of the Yonkers C. C., and the race will be salled some day this week. The Dolphin trophy is a very handsome allver cup somewhat similar to that of the Marine and Field Club's cup. It is about eighteen inches high, and cost about \$100. It was presented to the club by Theodor S. Oxholm and H. L. Quick last year.

One of the features of the camp of the Atlantic division of the American Cance Association at Chimmon's Island during the next two weeks will be a ladies' camp. Vice-Commodors Lake has made all necessary arrangements for their comfort. Their camp will be located about a quarter of a mile from the main camp and nearer the centre of the island. There will probably be twenty-five or thirty ladies present during the meet, and "Squaw Point," as it will be called, will dountless prove an irresistible attraction to many cancemen.

PATERSON, July 3.-Justice David Thomson of Haledon had a fight with a pair of large blacksnakes between Sauls Park and the Oldham Dum this afternoon. During an inter-mission at the dancing pavilion the Justice undertook to escort two young women through the park and to the dam and pond, a short distance north of the picnic resort. When nearing the water he spied two big snakes in fighting attitude on a rock. The snakes rotreated toward the park, and the little magistrate, who has slain hundreds of reptiles in that vicinity, doffed his coat and went in pursuit.

While looking for one the Judge stepped on the tail of the other, and it sprang for his face. He says that its fangs just grazed his chin, and then the snake darted back into the brush. Armed with his stout blackthorn he slashed about in the bushes in an effort to force the snakes to come out in the open.

While so engaged he saw the pair a short distance from where he had trod on the one that turned on him. Grasping his cane firmly, he made a bold attempt to kill the two with one blow, but he only succeeded in despatching one. The other escaped. undertook to escort two young women through

One Roof Garden Shut. There was no show in the Manhattan Opera House roof garden last night, owing to the storm that struck the town around theatre time. Performances were given in the other roof gardens, however.

How Tinny Rucker Helped Athens Out.

From the Allanta Journal.

It is known that Athens has a dispensary, but they do not dispense cool beer on draught, so when they saw that an excursion would run from Athens to Atlanta a goodly crowd of the thirsty ones concluded to come over and tank up.

the thirsty ones concluded to come over and that up.

But the man who got up the excursion is an ardent Prohibitionist, and he scotched the game, but said nothing about it. He simply fixed the date of arrival hers to correspond with the day on which an election was held for a member of the Legislature to fill the vacancy made by Harvey Johnson's resignation.

As the train rolled in visions of cold foaming beer floated before the eyes of the crowd, and as soon as the train came to a standstill they made for the nearest bar. But what a disappointment, as they read. Closed—election day." After threatening to mob the genial proprietor of the excursion, they tried in vain to find a place to quench their thirst, but coescal and fruit-a-cade was the strongest to be had.

Finally they met Tinny Rusker and told him. had.

Finally they met Tinny Bucker and told him their tale of wee. By dint of hard work he finally captured a keg of beer, and they were made happy.

The Plane Cure for Warts.

Two the Baten Glob.

Two doctors were recently walking together down a suburban thoroughfare when one of them lifted his hat to a lady whom they met.

A patient? asked the other.

Oh, in a way," answered the first doctor.

"I treated her the other day for a small trouble." "What was it?"

"Mhat was it?"
"A wart on the nose."
"And what did you prescribe?"
"I ordered her to refrain absolutely from 1 ordered her to refrain assolutely from playing the piano."
The other doctor was astonished.
"Ordered her to leave off blaying the piano-for a wart on the nose? Well, I can't understand your freatment."
"If you knew the circumstances you would." said the first doctor. "She lives in the next house to me."

Populiste Accept as an Omen,

Populists Accept as an Omea,

Tram the Chicago Heads.

EMPORIA. Kan., June 23.—A very heavy fall of rain occurred here to-day, deluging a portion of the city. A very curious phenomenon occurred with it. Small fish fell in the midst of the heaviest showers. One of the largest, picked up by F. A. Toblas in his front yard, was a well-developed black base about three inches in length, which, thoughat first showed but little life, once placed in a ner of water soon recovered and is now lively. Free silver men say it is a sign from the heavens in favor of silver. The residence of Tobias is in the heart of the city and fully two miles from the neavest place where there is water enough for

nearest place where there is water enough for fish to breed. Where Yesterday's Fires Were, P. M .- 12:05, awning northwest corner of Fifth av enue and 133d street, damage \$10, 12:50, awning it front of S2 amsterdam avenue, John Morris, damage \$10; 2:50, 335 East Eighty-eighth attest Servient Von Oertsen, damage \$150; S30, 450 West 152d street, Kev. S surford, anage \$150; 5:05, 131 East Seventy-ninth attest, iside firme, damage \$1500 Phil, paint street, iside land owned by the city, damage \$25, 0:60, 22 West atreet, Leroy Steward, damage trining.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, also cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,



Is a positive cure for all those painful Ailments of Women. It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and UL gration, Falling and Displacements, of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life. Every time it will cure

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Leucor-rhoea than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circum-stances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostra-tion, Headache, General Debility. Also

Dizziness, Faintness, Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It con-tains over 90 pages of most important information, which every woman, mar-ried or single, should know about herelf. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. Fo **Kidney Complaints**

and Backache of either sex the Vege-table Compound is unequaled. Liver Pills, 25c., cure Billousness, Constitution of Pills or Lozenges, pation, and Torpid Liver on receipt of \$1.00.

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another Record of Lon Myers's Broken-An

The American three-quarter-mile running record of 3 minutes 13 seconds, established by Lon Myers in 1882, was beaten at the twentieth annual games of the London Private Ban'ts, Calford Bridge, June 17. The prin cipal competitors were: Harold Wade, last year's chan pion miler; W. J. Fowier, London A. C., and E. J. Wil-kins, Ranclagh H. Fowier made most of the running until challenged by Wade half way in the last lap. The game pair ran locked together until twenty yards from the line, when Wilkins came sprinting along from the

four-mile scratch race in 19 minutes 57 seconds. Sacon waited on the ex-record holder until a furious from home, when he cut loose and won, full of run-ning, by five yards. At the Bradford games, June 14, Bacon was allowed ten yards star8 in the one-mile run. from a suppositious scratch man. Ite rested satisfied with getting within striking distance of the long start division until the stretch was reached, when he

of the North" took place at fluddersfield, June 17. C. A. Bradley, the English sprinting champion, made a or the North." took place at Huddersfield, June 17. C.

A Bradley, the English sprinting champion, made a supreme effort against the visiting cracks. He wen his neat of the 120 yard ron, from scratch, in the remarkable time of 11.4.5 seconds, and got within a yard of C. J. Frime, 10% yards, the winner of the final heat, who reached the tape in 11.3.5 seconds. Bradley subsequently ran in a 100-yard scratch race, and he covered the distances well inside of even time, or about a yard worse than the world's record.

K. C. Bredin, the invincible London A. C. middledistance runner, also cut a great figure at the Huddersfield games. He trotted in second in his heat of the 40-yard handless, won by a limit man in 49.3.5 exit down a danceous field in the after turned out and evil down a danceous field in the after turned out and cut down a danceous field in the after turned out and you into the final heat with J. King, the Oxford University crack, to whom he was allowing five yards. A desperate race between the pair resulted in a dead heat, the time being 17.4.5 seconds.

The Noctitish A. A. and Cyclist's Union pooled their championship events at Hampten P. Fr. Glasgow, Julie 17. The her. of the meeting was A. R. Downer, Edinburch Institution, F. C. who wen the 1.4.20, and 2.5.5 seconds.

At Lords on June 20, the Australian crickeiers gained the opening of their present four. They beat the players of England with six wickeis to share. The inatch was the thirteenth on the programme of the four. Cf these they have won the law, and they are a final they have won the court of these they have won they are of England with six wickeis to share. The inatch was the thirteenth on the programme of the four. Cf these they have won the law, and drawn three.

players of heriand with six wickers to above. The match was the threenth on the programme of the tour. Of these they have won five, lost five, and drawn three. Some rare shooting took place in the international competition at the Gun Club, Notting Hill, on June 20. Fifty-one expets tried conclusions for the Paris Cup, valued at \$250, with \$750 adoed money. Prince Duleep Singh won with 20 straight kills at 24% yards riss. Don R. Luro was second with 10 kins, whie third place went to Sir U. H. L. Buchanan. The winner is son of the Maharajah of India. Don R. Luro is a Spaniard, hailing from South America.

The death is announced of Iomuy Attwood, "the man fish." The great swimmer, who was once Prof. sleek with right hand man, made and lest fortune's in his time, and die in absolute poverty in the Newington Infirmary, on June 18.

Finney, the English swimmer, and McC sier, the Americah, are reported to be making antifactory progress in their preparation for the mile international race at Riackpool, July 16.

The annual inter-varsity swimming races and water polo match between Oxford and Cambridge were decided in the 8t. George's baths, London, on June 17. The light I less showed allround super-curity, and wou by 11 points to 21.

Golfers are enthusiastic over the billiant climax of the ladies championship, which was decided on the St. Annes time, on June 18. In the mat the Lady Margaret Scott beat Miss Pearson Tup, and won the championship.

Among the many amateur, semi-professional, and junior baseball clubs in this city and surrounding places the following are anxious to arrange games. All communications pertaining to this matter from responsible clubs will be published, provided they are signed by an official:

St. James's Union—Would like to hear from all first

class uniformed teams. Catholic nines preferred, for Sunday games. Address Eugene J. Driscoll, manager, 27 Oliver-street. New York city The Tennys—Will play any uniformed team offering a suitable guarantee. Address Joseph Murray, care of James McCormick, 485 East Houston street, New York, The Admirals—Have organized with these players: The Admirals—Have organized with these players: Reid, catcher: Fox, pitcher; Barrett first base; Farrington, second base; Weish, short stop; O'Connor, third base; Burns, le't field; Manning, centre field; Shea, ruph field. They will meet all teams with night shear suph field. They will meet all teams with night sirest, New York city.

Arlingtons of Jersey, City—Have July 16 open to play any first-class uniformed team. Address H. H. Hirschildet recreatery, 543 Communipaw avenue, Jersey City—Jersey (11) Hasefull Club—Have July 8 and 15 open to play any out-of-town club. They are also ready to book Sunday games with custs offering animals guarantee. Address Charles E Pollard, 316 Produce Exchangs. New Yorg city—Thom Juniors—Challen et al. teams averaging 15 class, for Joseph 1996. 47 Heads, in Centrals present of the County of the Co Reid, catcher; Fox, pitcher; Barrett first base; Far

KALANQUIN'S FATAL FROG. THE ODD DELUSION THAT ENDED IN A FRENCHMAN'S DEATH.

For Six Years He Believed He Had a Live From in His Stomach, and the Idea at Last Drove Him to Drink-Up to His Death Last Week He was Firmly Con-

vinced of the Reality of His Delusion. This is the story of as strange a delusion as ever filled a man's mind. Its victim died one day last week and was buried on Sunday, and the delusion which had haunted him during the last six years of his life was never a firmer reality to him than at the moment when he

It was on Christmas Eve in the year 1883 that it all began. Michael Kalanquin, a robust, red-cheeked, genial man, whose blue eyes beamed good nature and kindliness to all the world, came home to his family upon that festal evening with an expression of deep

"In Heaven's name, Michael," exclaimed his wife, "what is the matter?"

For a long time he was gloomily silent and

remained sitting in his favorite chair, with his eyes fastened upon the floor. Then, with a sad glance at his wife, he said in a low voice: "I have discovered that I have a frog in my The wife burst into uproarlous laughter.

"You ought to consider yourself in great luck." she said. "It's more than I have." "Very well." he replied, in a solemn voice: "you don't believe it. Just you wait and see." Michael was a Frenchman, full of fine ideas about liberty, equality, and fraternity, and always cheerful and pleasantly loquacious. He came to this country more than thirty-five years ago, and began to work as a waiter in Delmonico's restaurant in William street. The restaurant, however, began to grow popular about the time that the war broke out. and its business suddenly became exceedingly brisk. Michael was beginning to grow stout, and he conceived a deep aversion to moving about with that swiftness which is required of a good walter. So, rather than sink in his profession, Michael, like a conscientious man, left it. After long seeking he found an opportunity in the country produce business which exactly suited his views. His duties consisted of sitting in a comfortable chair and selling whatever kind of produce his customers came to buy. After nearly fif-

into business for himself.

He became the proprietor of a profitable stand in the Washington Market, took his son into the business, established the firm of M. Kalanquin & Son, taught the young man the ins and outs of the business, and one fine day, about seven years ago, retired from active life. Out of the profits of his business he had purchased a pretty little cottage on Webster avenue, near Franklin street, in Hoboken. Here he decided to pass the remainder of his days. His family consisted of his wife, who busied herself with the household affairs, his

teen years of this kind of work Michael went

Here he decided to pass the remainder of his days. His family consisted of his wife, who busied herself with the household affairs, his daughter, a girl of fifteen years, who went to school, and his son, a young man of twenty-two, who conducted the business.

It was Michael's habit to remain at home until supper time. After this meal he would chat for a few minutes with his children, and then put on his hat and go out. After heaving the house his steps were invariably turned to a dingy shoemaker's shop around the cornar.

This shop was kept by a Frenchman who came from the same village that Michael did, and the two had been eronies for many, many years. They would sit together for hours, sometimes talking, at other times maintaining the utmost silence throughout the evening. As a rule they conversed in French, but as each was proud of his knowledge of English they often spoke that language with a most villanous accent.

One night about eight years ago, the shoemaker told Michael a wonderful story of a man who had swallowed a live frog, which continued to live in his stomach for many years. Michael was deeply impressed with the story, and frequently alluded to it. The sanemaker gay but little thought to it again until Christmas Eve in the year 1889. Upon that evening Michael, who had been sitting in the store in perfect slience for more than an hour, suddenly said:

"Friend, I may as well confess to you that I have not much longer to live. What I have long feared has happoned. I feel that I have in some way swallowed a frog."

"So?" said the shoemaker.

"Yes, it is perfectly true. For nearly sweek past I have felt queer pains in my stomach, but now I am sure that there is a frog there."

The sheemaker laughed thim, saoledet him, and finally threatened to make him a laughing stock of the neighborhood, but all this had no effect upon Michael. Nothing could make him doubt that he had a frog in his stomach, when, later in the evening, his will sail you gain the heavy will the for a doctor, but he shook his head.

"I

rattled on with happy loquacity and a missible accent:

"Ah, ze frog, he haf to die. Sacré! I kill him quick. C'est bien! But ven I get mad ze frog get mad, and ven ze frog get mad I get mad. Sacré! Ze frog mus' die, or I mus' die. C'est bien!"

When he sobered up this time his wife induced him to go to New York and see Dr. Jacobi. Michael was gone all the afternoon, and when he returned, late in the evening, he was drunk agaic. This time his face bore a very gloomy expression.

when he returned, late in the evening, he was drunk again. This time his face bore a very gloomy expression.

"Ah." he said. "Ze doctor, il est bete! He say! gotso frog. Bah! Ze frog jump aroun ali ze time and make me sick. If ze frog don' die. I die."

But he lived on, day after day, and year after year, until, either from the delusion or from the liquor which he drank, he became a very sick man. During ail this time nis mind was perfectly clear, and he could speak rationally unon every subject save that of his peculiar ailment.

When he was sober he often went to his friend, the shoemaker, and they would talk over old times just as they used to do fifteen years ago. At these times he never made any allusion to the frog, but if any one else referred to it he shook his head sadly and became very quiet. Thus matters went on until one day about three months ago, when Michael took to his bed, a very sick man. The doctorsaid it was dropsy, but Michael shook his head sadly and with a faint smile, said:

"Non, monsieur, eet ees not ze dropsy. Ah, non! I knoew ver' well, ver' well. Let ass ze frog. He ees ver' mad and he want to kill me quick."

He expressed a wish that they would bury him quietly without making any attempt to find the frog. "Ven I die ze frog die," he said.

He expressed a wish that they would bury him quietly without making any attempt to find the frog. "Ven I die ze frog die." he said. His wife promised to abide by his wish. Then the family sait at his bedeide waiting for the end to come. On Thursday morning before the dawn, he opened his eyes and whispered to his wife, in French:

"Pretty soon the poor frog will stop troubling me." Then he closed his eyes and never opened them again.

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